Rom: Spakest thou of *Iuliet*, how is it with her?
Doth she not thinke me an olde murderer,
Now I haue stainde the childhood of her ioy,
With bloud remou'd but little from her owne?
Where is she? and how doth she? And what sayes
My conceal'd Lady to our canceld loue?

Nur: Oh she saith nothing, but weepes and pules,
And now fals on her bed, now on the ground,
And *Tybalt* cryes, and then on *Romeo* calles.

Rom: As if that name shot from the deadly leuel of a gun
Did murder her, as that names cursed hand
Murderd her kinsman. Ah tell me holy Fryer
In what vile part of this Anatomy
Doth my name lye? Tell me that I may sacke
The hatefull mansion?

He offers to stab himselfe, and Nurse snatches the dagger away.

Nur: Ah?

Fr: Hold, stay thy hand: art thou a man? thy forme
Cryes out thou art, but thy wilde actes denote
The vnreasonable furyes of a beast.
Vnseemely woman in a seeming man,
Or ill beseeming beast in seeming both,
Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temperd,
Hast thou slaine *Tybalt*? wilt thou slay thy selfe?
And slay thy Lady too, that liues in thee?
Rouse vp thy spirits, thy Lady *Iuliet* liues,
For whose sweet sake thou wert but lately dead:
There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou slewest *Tybalt*, there art thou happy too.
A packe of blessings lights vpon thy backe,
Happines Courts thee in his best array:
But like a misbehaude and sullen wench
Thou frownst vpon thy Fate that smiles on thee.

Take heede, take heede, for such dye miserable.
Goe get thee to thy loue as was decreed:
Ascend her Chamber Window, hence and comfort her,
But looke thou stay not till the watch be set:
For then thou canst not passe to *Mantua*.
Nurse prouide all things in a readines,
Comfort thy Mistresse, haste the house to bed,
Which heauy sorrow makes them apt vnto.

Nur: Good Lord what a thing learning is,
I could haue stayde heere all this night
To heare good counsell. Well Sir,
Ile tell my Lady that you will come.

Rom: Doe so and bidde my sweet prepare to childe,
Farwell good Nurse.

Nurse offers to goe in and turnes again.

Nur: Heere is a Ring Sir, that she bad me giue you,

Rom: How well my comfort is reuiud by this.

Exit Nurse.

Fr: Soiorne in *Mantua*, Ile finde out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time:
Euery good hap that doth befall thee heere.
Farwell.

Rom: But that a ioy, past ioy cryes out on me,
It were a griefe so breefe to part with thee.

Enter olde Capolet and his Wife, with County Paris.

Cap: Thinges haue fallen out Sir so vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue my daughter.